

## **Claims Conference Holocaust Survivor Memoir Collection**

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October 31, 1945

Dear brother Srulek

Yesterday I received your kind letter and you cannot imagine my happiness. I cried like a small child from happiness since after all, I have you only left in the world. Meaning from our father, mother and sisters and brothers unfortunately this is the story. We want to hope but hope for what I am not sure myself.

Our dear brother Mojsche's yarhzeit is the fourth day after Pessach. He fell at my feet. I myself was very weak and I could not help him anymore. You are begging me to describe the way from "Gurs" [a camp in France] to now, it is very difficult and I don't want to open wounds, the memories are still very painful when one remembers, but since it is your wish I will do it anyway.

Before I start I want to let you know that I am writing this letter from the "Stuyvenberg" Hospital in Antwerp. I arrived here yesterday to have a hernia operation which is not a major operation and with G-D's help I will come through it OK and I will write to you again in a few days when the operation is over.

I beg of you not to worry about me. I had so many "tsuris" I will certainly survive this. Srulek, I thought by now you would be married with children and I would have been very happy. Yes I know you are a good son and thought about your family, unfortunately nobody could help them and I am the only one left and I will take care of myself. You know I always managed to make a good living but perhaps too much of a spender but now I am different. I am dating a girl now who is really an "malach" [angel]. I love her very much and I will send you a picture on the next opportunity. Perhaps you will recognize her from the youth movement "Hanoar Hatzioni" fifteen years ago. Her name is Anna Sussman, a Dutch girl. I want to take her with me to America and marry her.

Our dear parents worried about me in France and said that I am getting older and that they want our family to grow. Therefore I hoped that you would be married already. Perhaps in four months I will get married and I would like to work on a ship that comes to America. Again do not worry about me.

The city of Antwerp paid for all my expenses eating and drinking all the best at a sanatorium called "Villa Atol" in Kappelenbos and I hope to go there again after my stay in the hospital to recuperate and every weekend my girlfriend comes to visit me.

My dear brother, you have your own problems and your own girlfriend so just take care of yourself. From the United States I received two packages with clothes upon my return from Germany. I came out of the camps without a shirt or coat but, again, do not worry about me. I have a bride who takes care of me like a mother, and I am







sure your girlfriend takes care of you as well. Write me more about her, such as where she was born etc.

Dear Srulek I will try to tell you in short what happened after our departure from France. Five weeks before Rosh Hashanah I was with our dear family when they came to take our sisters Esther and Bertha for transport to Germany but we got them out of the transport. The next week I was again there and Mom and Dad said that for sure everyone was going to Germany, and they wanted Sima and Bertha to go to a girls home in France. I told them that I would not allow them to travel by themselves and that I would travel with them.

When I arrived in the camps Mom, Dad and Esther were gone already. Left were Sima and Bertha. I tried to arrange for Sima and Bertha to get out of this predicament but it didn't work. I was on the list to also go but I begged them to let me stay until Sima and Bertha could also go. I also send a telegram to Mojshe but it was too late. I later found out that Mojshe joined our parents and Esther in a big camp in France for two days and then they were deported to Germany. Then they sent me, Sima and Bertha on the second day of Rosh Hashana, 1942 to Germany. The trip was very bad while we were in a closed wagon. Women and children without toilets and they travelled for three days and three nights without water, children and old people were crying for a little bit of water and the SS responded that if you do not shut up we will shoot all of you.

After three days all young men that were able to work had to get off the train and woman and children continued on. Unfortunately I never had a chance to say goodbye to Sima and Bertha. I then arrived in a camp .. I became a Colonel/leader which meant that I did not have to work and nobody hit me and I received more food and had to supervise the others. I was responsible for 60 to 80 people and they all had to listen to me. Even though I had enough of this job my friends were very afraid that I would be replaced with a bad person. So I stayed on even though the responsibility was very big.

From our family at that time I had no news what so ever. After a year and a half I discovered that Mojshe was in a camp not far from me. I befriended an SS Officer who took a letter for me to Mojshe. Thereafter I was able to go there and was able to feed him bread butter and sausage etc. Nobody could believe that I was able to accomplish this in a Concentration Camp.

I found our brother Mojshe in a very bad situation, he was very sick and skinny and they had worked him to death. I then spoke to the Colonel of Moshje's camp and begged him to treat him better and also left him some money so he could secretly buy himself some bread since no one was allowed to have money or food in the camps. I always managed to make the best of any situation. If they caught somebody with money they would beat him half to death. I then looked for a way to bring Mojshe into my camp. It took a few weeks but I succeeded.







They then transferred us to a bigger camp and it became very bad for us but I still managed to keep Mojshe from working and little by little he was able to recuperate. I again became somewhat of a leader and Mojshe became my helper and so he did not have to do hard labor. I started to deal in secret and so I was able to get us some more food again and I shared with everyone a little bit.

On January 20, 1945 the big problems unfortunately started. This was in Oberschlezin near Katowitz, we had to evacuate the camp because the Russians came and we had to run away. We ran day and night without food or drink. We lived from raw potatoes, and a little bread in four or five days. This is how we ran for three weeks. Whoever was not able to march any longer was shot on the spot. We started out with 4000 men and arrived after three weeks with 1800, all the others were shot on the road. I cannot begin to describe to you the "March of Death" as we ended up calling it, anymore clearly in such few words since one needs books to describe it in its entirety, and I do not have enough paper... This was only a part of our troubles. Mojshe twisted his foot which was not so bad but the result of this injury cost him his life. When we arrived in Buchenwald it was very bad. I volunteered to work in order to get more food or to be able to do some wheeling and dealing. I became ill myself and was very weak. Mojshe's health became worse every day, and he got skinnier. We had to do a lot of walking and Mojshe felt very bad from the first day. I encouraged him by telling him to think about our dear parents and his wife Pepi, and I dragged him with all my strength. The second day he was feeling somewhat better and I already was very happy. But unfortunately my happiness did not last for very long. The third day was the fourth day after Pessach and Mojshe could not walk anymore. I dragged him with my last strength because I knew what will happen if I let him lie. I dragged him the whole day until 5 o'clock and then I just couldn't anymore. He was dragging his foot and I asked other people what I should do but nobody, including myself, wanted to pronounce his death sentence. Mojshe begged me to let him lie and I struggled with my last strength up to the last moment... The last moment came, I saw the danger and was afraid to be shot myself... I said my goodbyes, we hugged and kissed... Mojshe asked me to bid farewell to all of you and that G-D will help me and save me and bring me home so I could tell all what happened to us. The time was 5:30 when I left him to lie there and I ran away. I did not want to witness the terrible, I only heard, I did not cry, I had no tears. I was so weak myself that I almost fell and friends consoled me and then lent me an arm and helped me to cope.

The hunger and the tiredness were horrible. I continued to walk for another twelve days. From weakness I could not hear or see any longer, I almost could not talk anymore. I then saw it was hopeless but I managed to escape for 36 hours and then saw the American soldiers and I was free. I weighed 46 kilos [about 100 pounds for a man over 6 feet tall] and they put me in a hospital.

They tried to feed me but it was very difficult since my stomach







could not hold any food. Slowly, slowly I became better and they transferred me to another hospital and to a sanatorium where I regained my strength. I tried to write to you in America but my letters came back unanswered.

On the 20th of August I came back to Antwerp and you can imagine my heartache when I found no one from our family. Now my dear Srulek I did as you asked and wrote you a very, very little bit of what we went through. This is only 25 percent and when we will meet I will tell you more. Now dear Srulek be calm and rest assured that everything will be good again now. I will write to you again in a week. Please do not stop writing and I beg you again do not worry about me it is nobody fault what happened and we have to get used to it.

Stay healthy.

Your brother,

Oscar Scharf







Lieber Bruder Fritsch!

31/10

Ich habe gestern dein lieben  
Brief erhalten die kennst dir nicht  
vorstellen mein weiche ich habe  
geweint wie ein kleines Kind vür glich  
den ich hab doch nur dich allein auf  
der welt, das mein ich von innere  
tate meine in schwester in hider  
leide ist es so mir wilen hoffen  
oder auf was weis ich selbst nicht  
Inrer lieben bruder Majisches jarzeit  
ist den 4 den Tag noch Pesach  
er ist gefallen bei meiner is ich  
st bin auch gewesen so schwach  
das ich habe nicht mehr gekont  
ihm helfen. Die bitterst mich ich  
sol dir beschreiben dem leidens  
weg von Furs bis heute, es ist sogar  
schwer ich wil nicht aufdecken  
die schwere wunden die erinnern  
es tut noch weh wenn man  
dermant zist aber wenn die





verlanst es wie es noth dem 11  
machen. Beso ich geh anfangen  
wil ich dir mittheilen. ich schreibe  
dem brief in Hainenberg spital  
ich bin gestern hier gekommen mit  
operiren losen auf mein bruch  
es ist kein schwere operazie es wird  
mit Gots hilf gut adurck gehen  
Ich wil dir gleich auch schreiben  
wen die operazie wet sein fertig  
das heist in einige Tage später  
ich bitte dich in mach dir keine  
zorgen wegen mir ich habe so viel  
zuris mitgemacht in auch das  
wilt durch gehen Druck ich  
habe gedacht das du schon  
verheirat bist auch schon welche  
kinder hast ich wolt gewen  
glücklich. ja ich weis das du  
bist ein guter sohn die host  
getracht an die familie. leide  
hastu nicht wenn en zu  
helfen ich allein ich wil mir







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schoen am eize geben die weist  
ich habe immer gut verdient  
vor gewen leichtenig mit  
geld jetzt bin ganz anders  
ich gehe auch mit a meidel  
es ist wirklich ein Engla  
malech ich hab zie sehr lieb  
ich wil dir bei gelegenheid  
ein foto schiken für die foto wirst  
zie escher kennen zie wahr einge  
mal in Thanoar Nazioni mit  
15 jar zurück zie heist Anne  
Lussman ein Holendische wil  
wil zie mitnemen nach Ameres  
mit ihr heiraten. innere liebe  
fate name haben zie in  
Frankreich schon gemacht zogen  
Schyze wilt ein alter bucher, in  
ich wil das inzer familie zol  
weiter beschtehen mir zolen  
huben kinder, deshalb hob ich  
geglaubt das du wirst schon  
zom geheirat in kinder haben







nur 4 monat, ich wol natürlich  
noch gut überlegen was ich zu  
tun habe ich wil zu ein zuna  
mit eich deshalb mus ich noch  
warten mit heiraten ich wol  
auch probiren zu arbeiten auf  
ein schif welche geht nach  
America um 20 zu eich zu kom  
wegen mir mach dir keine zorge  
ich bin br-ject gewesen in  
Capellen borch in ~~am~~ Villa Altol  
es war fuer ein jüdischer kinder  
kolonie; wen ich wol arais  
kimen von Krankenhaus wol  
ich wider furen dort ahin auf  
6 wochen es ist dort sehr gut  
essen und trinken von best  
die stat Antwerpen bezahlt  
alles, ich him doch jede woche  
nach Antwerpen <sup>mein meidet</sup>  
kommt jeden Sonntag mich  
besuchen. Lieber Gulek, ich  
wil von dir gar nicht verlangen

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hast dem Meidell an mich  
denken an dir, ich wil mir  
schoen allein helfen von America  
hat man mir schoen arausgeschickt  
2 pakete mit kleidung weil ich  
hingekimen von Deutschland ohne  
anzug ohne mantel ohne hemd  
jetzt wil schoen haben alles.  
muß dir keine sorgen um mir  
ich hab ein ~~so~~ kate zic zorget  
für mich wie eine müter.  
Brudek ich bin überzeigt das  
dein meidel auch ein gutes meidel  
ist schreib mir mehr von ihr  
oder sol zic mir aus was  
schreiben wo ist zic geboren? u.z.w.  
Lieber Brudek ich wil probiren dir  
in kurzen übergeben anfangen von  
Frankreich. 4 oder 5 wochen far  
noch haschune bin ich gewen bei  
die liebe familie hat man Ester  
mit Bertha gehat genimen zum  
transport nach Deutschland mir  
haben 2 ci arwis genissen

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geenst das alle sind bestimmt für  
Deutschland nur Lina mit Bertha  
sollen auch furer in ein mädchel  
heim in Frankreich, ich hab gesagt  
das ich wol sei nicht losen ein  
furen ich wol mit furer in wen  
ich bin gehin in Lager zenen alle  
der fute die manna in Ester schon  
geiven auch es ist gelika Lina  
Bertha in Pepsi als Rumänische bingoin  
ich habe alles möglich gemacht  
Lina mit Bertha sollen auch furen  
es gung aber nicht dan bin ich gona  
auf der liste auch zi furen habe  
gebeten man sol mit mich losen  
bis Lina mit Bertha wela auch  
furen dan habe telegramen geschick  
zi Moyschen habe kein antwort mehr  
bekomen er war auch schon weg  
ich hab nachher von Moyschen  
erfahren das er hot getroffen fute manna  
mit Ester in ein gros lager in Frank-  
reich da waren die zizamen 2 tage  
in sind auch gefuren nach Deutschland

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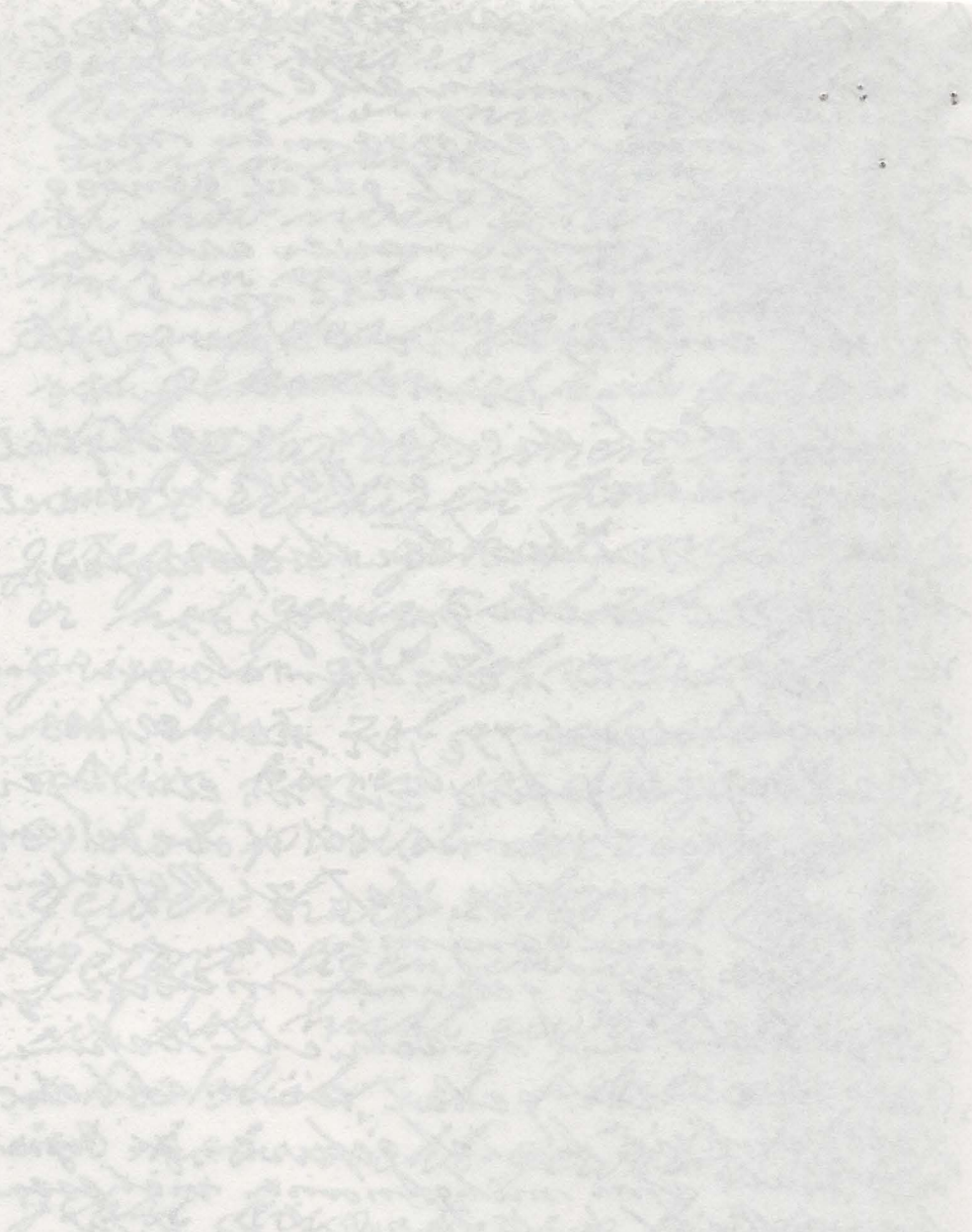


auwek geschikt den 2 ton bus Rosch-  
haschine 1942 kein Deutschland  
die reise war schon sehr schlecht  
in ein geschlossenen wagen rauen in kinder  
ohne klozet so zind wir gefahren  
3 Tage in 3 nachte es war furchbar  
ohne wasser kinder in alte haben  
geweint men zol ein geben abisch  
wasser haben die S.S. Deutschen  
geantwortet wenn ihr nicht  
schweigt wet men eich elle  
erschisen, nach drei tag mussten  
alle junge mennen die arbeits feig  
waren mussten aussteigen in frauen  
in kinder zind weiter gefahren ich  
hab nicht mahl zeit gehat mit  
von Lima mit Bertha mist geregnet  
ich bin dan in ein lager gekommen  
ich hab glik gehat in bin geworden  
kolonnen firer das heist ich hab  
nicht misen arbeite mich hat  
keiner geschlagen ich hab mehr  
essen gehat ich hab misen aufpa-  
sen auf die andere was





[illegible]





[illegible]





[illegible]





Ich habe dich sehr wohl gekannt  
gekannt was es heißt rasiren  
Mojche hat mich gebeten ich  
soll ihm helfen das er nicht  
ich habe noch gekannt mit  
mir in mit meine Kirsche  
bis auf das letzte der moment  
ist gekommen ich habe geredet  
sich gefürchtet mehr noch und  
sich erschienen hat ich mich  
gebeten und geküßt mit Mojchen  
er hat gesagt ich soll dich  
sich zeigen ich soll dich helfen  
ich habe dich gerichtet und  
ich habe dich für den ganzen  
Tag nicht verlassen der zeigt  
geiden hat dich der Mojchen  
gelacht liegen in den armen  
ich habe nicht gewollt sehen das  
schreckliche ich habe es nicht gehört  
nicht habe nicht gewillt nicht  
gibt kein reden hingewand





[illegible]





70 schwach das <sup>bin</sup> hob beina 74  
selbst gewalen bekante hob  
mich gekerst gerinner unter  
wem men hat mich gefirt  
ich bin wider zu mir gekom  
der hinger und die miedkeit zena  
gewen schreklich 20 bin ich dan  
noch allein gegangen 12. Tag ich  
hob far schwache schon schlecht  
gehet ich schlecht gesen in hob  
bina das luschen das reden nicht  
git gekent das war alz schwache.  
Dan hob ich gesehen das es geht  
nicht mehr iz mir gelunger zi  
antloifen mich auschalten 36  
stunden in es zenen unghimen  
die Americaner Soldaten von dem  
moment zenen mir gewen frei  
ich hob damals gewogen 46 kg.  
men hot ~~mich~~ <sup>mich</sup> gegeben in ein Spital  
in mir iz gewen schlecht hobe mied  
gekent esen der magen hat gar nicht  
verninnen langsam hob ich mich  
verbessert





20 bin ich von ein hospital in 15.  
anderen dan bin ich gewesen in ein  
Sanatorium ich hab mich dort gut  
erholt ich hab während der Zeit  
geschrieben zu dir in kein America noch  
nicht gehabt kein adres zenen die briefe  
nicht angekommen, den 20 August bin ich  
angekommen zurück nach Antwerpen die  
kunst dir vorstellen mein hertz von ich  
hab keinem angetroffen von der familie.  
jetzt lieber Luteck hab ich dir zillit  
getien in dir geschrieben ein klein klein  
bisel von dem was ich hab mitgemacht  
das ist erst 25 procent von mir  
welen zein zusammen wel dir mehr  
erzählen. Jetzt lieber Luteck zei  
nig es wet alles gut zein ich wel  
dir in s Woche wider schreiben auch  
du solst mich nicht aufhalten  
mit schreiben, Ich lute dich nochmals  
nach dir keine Sorgen wegen mir  
und was es hat passiert keiner hat  
schuld man mir eiel gewesen mit  
dem nicht zu machen. Bleib mir  
gegrüßt wir auch dein liebes moidel  
dein L. Bruder Lutz

